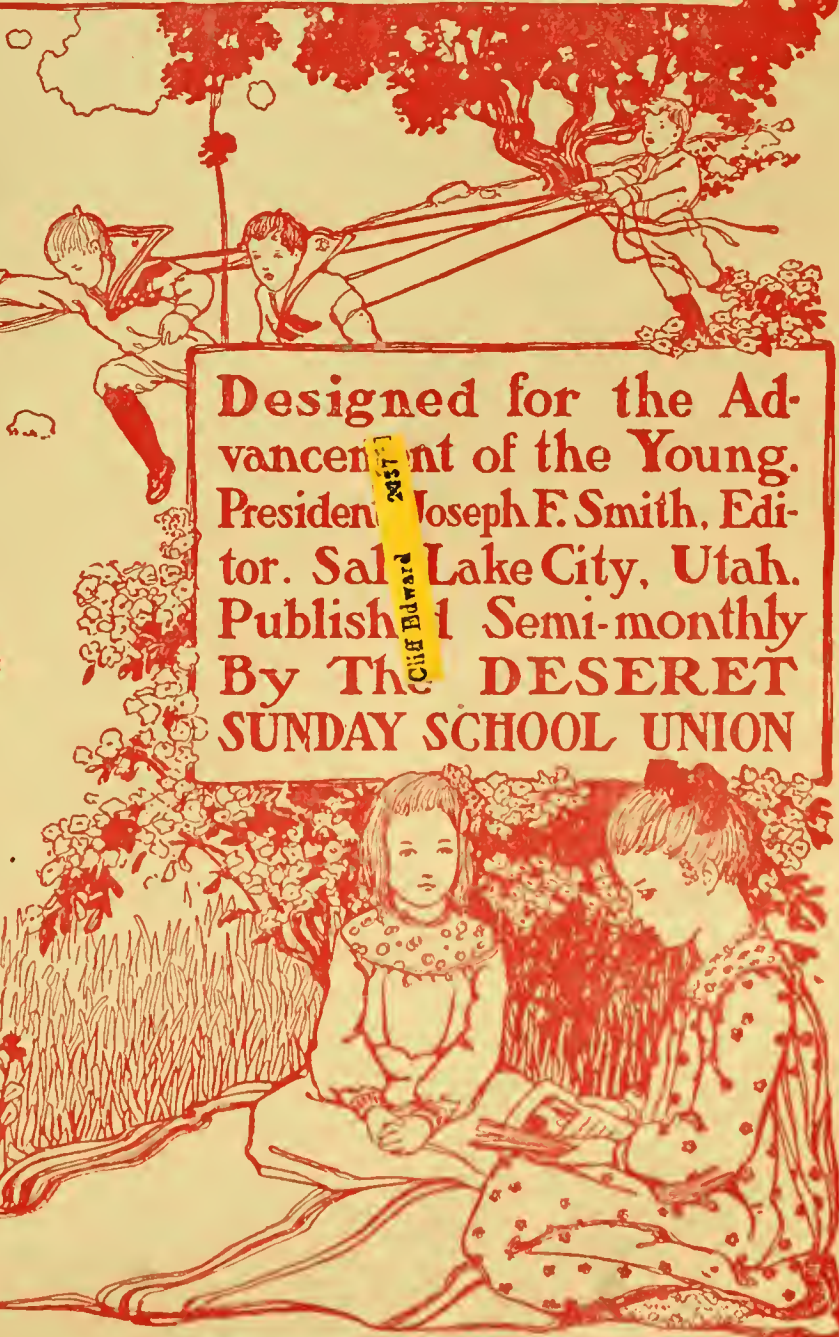


HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Designed for the Advancement of the Young.
President Joseph F. Smith, Editor. Salt Lake City, Utah.
Published Semi-monthly
By The DESERET
SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION



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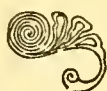
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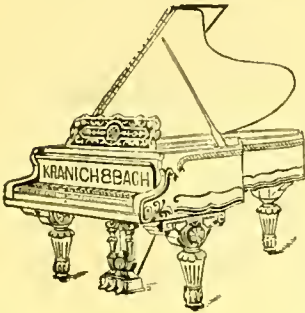
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It's nigh on twenty years ago,
Since last I handled that old bow—
Sit closer to the fire Joe,
I don't mind tellin' 'bout it.

—Ballads of Life, page 13.

And the gate forever swinging made no grating, no
harsh ringing,
But melodious as the singing of one that we adore,
And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a
mortal's telling,
While the vision faded from me with glad word ever-
more.

—Ballads of Life, page 22.

Life's sweetest cup is mingled with bitterest drops
of gall,
And dreary, rainy days will come upon the paths of
all.

—Ballads of Life, page 54.

Great souls by eternal truth set free,
No longer in shackles bow;
The midnight has past, the jubilee
Has begun with the good time now.

—Ballads of Life, page 88.

Our heads are growing gray, dear wife, our hearts
are beating low,
In a little while the Master will call for us to go.

—Ballads of Life, page 26.

What ails papa's mouth, said a sweet little girl,
Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl,
I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee,
But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me.

—Ballads of Life, page 122.

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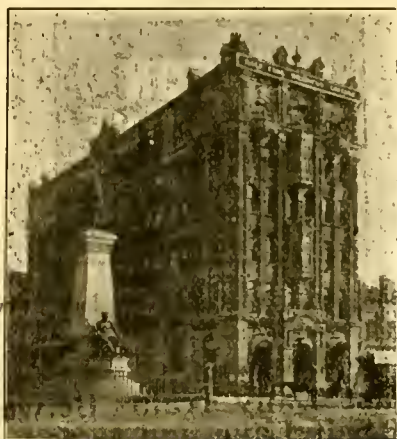
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VOL. XXXVII.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1902.

No. 13.

THE CORONATION STONE.

IT is natural enough that our minds are led back to the famous Westminster Abbey in London, whenever we think or read of the coronation of King Edward VII, for in that spacious building is found the interesting chair in which so many of England's sovereigns have been crowned and about which so many different stories have been told. One of the first things which claims the attention of the visitor as he enters the edifice is this chair standing in the most conspicuous part of Saint Edward the Confessor's chapel. It was made in compliance with the wish of Edward I, and is fashioned after the Gothic style in black oak. The tall back is covered with inscriptions and also bears the initials of some of England's most famous men. The seat, said to be Jacob's stone, rests upon four, little, heavy-built lions that serve as legs or feet for the chair.

There is in the old country today, and in fact it has been there for centuries, a tradition to the effect that this very stone is the identical one upon which Jacob, during his memorable journey in search of a wife, rested his head when, in a dream, he beheld the

angels ascending and descending the wonderful ladder reaching upward to heaven. The great promise concerning the multiplicity of his seed was made on this occasion. "Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it." He called the place Bethel and vowed a vow that he would worship the Lord and give Him one-tenth of his income. (See Gen. xxviii, 6:22).

It is said that David, Saul, Solomon, and all the rest of the kings of Israel were crowned upon this stone.

The tradition runs that later the stone was carried into Egypt and from there found its way to Spain. By about 700 B. C. it had reached the hill of Tara, Ireland, and about 320 B. C. Fergus I. transported it to the west of Scotland. In 840 A. D. it was removed by King Kenneth to Scone, Scotland, after which for many years it was called the stone of Scone. During its long stay at this place the following ancient "prophecy" was engraved upon it:

"Should fate not fail, where'er this stone be found.

The Scot shall monarch of that realm be crowned."

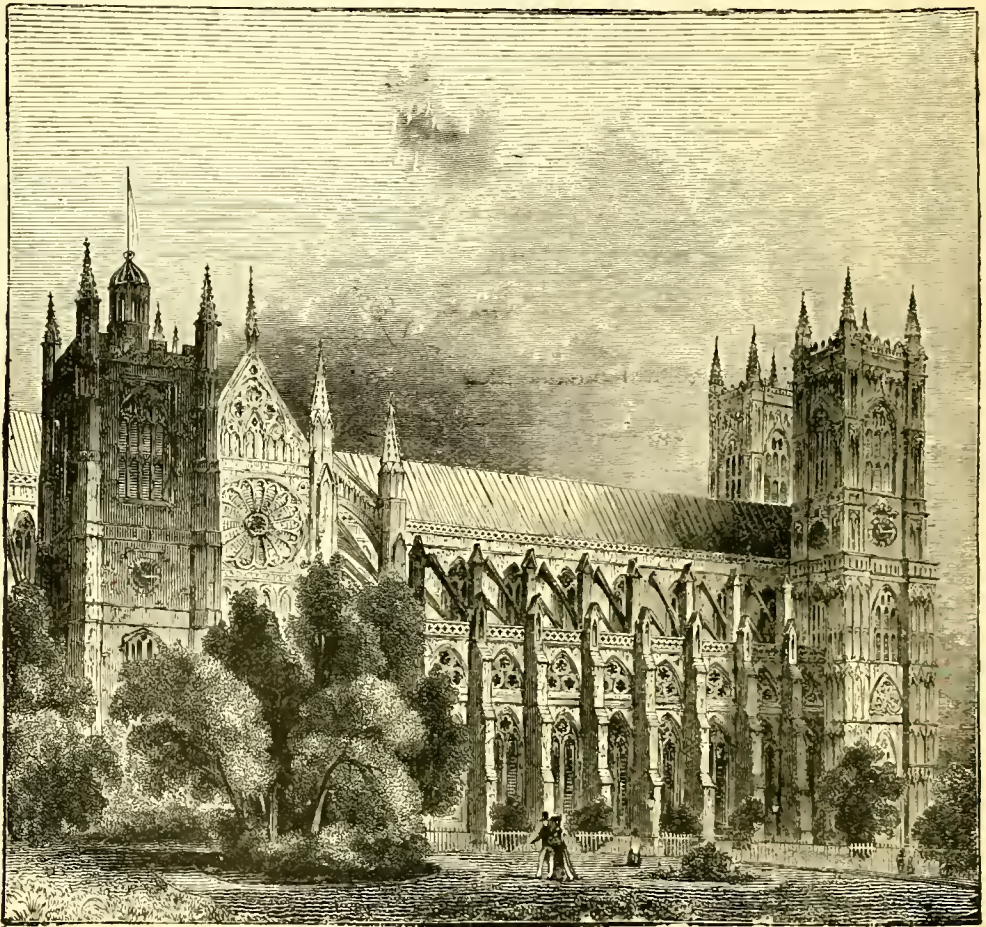
Now history bears us out in the statement that Malcolm IV was crowned upon the stone of Scone in 1154 A. D. and that from then every Scottish king until and including Balliol was crowned upon it.

"The stone was brought to London by Edward I, in 1297, in token of the complete subjugation of Scotland." The sovereigns of England since then have all been crowned upon it, and even Crom-

well moved it to Westminster Hall (House of Parliament) and used it at his installation.

The seat or stone of the coronation chair is about a yard long, a foot and a half wide, and a foot thick and is composed of sandstone similar to that found on the west coast of Scotland. From a historical standpoint it is perhaps the most interesting and most priceless object in all the British empire.

D. W. Parratt.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

DON'T PLAY WITH FIRE ARMS.



OSH! won't we have a time after dinner, Tom and Dave and Seth and his two sisters is coming up to play Spaniards and Yanks. You bet yer, I'll work it up fine." Thus spoke young Ernest Draves, a bright little fellow of about eleven years, who continued whistling merrily as a lark, while eagerly digging out the leaden pellets from the cartridges of his small twenty-two calibre gun. He continued, "When I get about five more dug out I'll have enough for this time." His companion was watching the operation of digging out the bullets with as much enjoyment as the operator on the ammunition supply, in anticipation of the fun and play of the afternoon.

Just at this juncture two girls came to the door of the room, crying out, "Hurry, hurry, here's Alf's Shetlands going by." The boy cutting away at the bullets, thrust the cartridges into his pocket, and away they both rushed round the house to the front gate, and stopping their young friend Alf, the proud possessor of the Shetlands and carriage, were soon patting the ponies and talking up horses, the racing and pulling qualities of their fathers' teams, and the neighbors' horses in general.

The boy accompanying the owner of the Shetlands wanted to borrow the gun of young Draves, who said he could not let it go, as it would spoil the game planned for the afternoon—he explained the proposed play of a sham fight between the Americans and Spaniards, storming parties, court-martial of prisoners, their execution, etc., etc., and asked the boys to come up and help to make fun; proposing that Alf should be Major Cervera and lead the Spanish forces.

The afternoon came, Ernest Draves' parents were not at home, and the aunt

left in charge, had been called away on account of the sudden illness of another niece in the immediate neighborhood, and the children had full sway; quite a number were there; marches and counter-marches were made; the Spaniards retreating towards the "Gates of Havana,"—the entrance to the stable down the lot, the Americans pursuing, the two guns popping away, which were all the party could muster. A loud explosion at the stable door threw an old oyster can away up in the air, and two boys and one girl, in their fright or excitement, ran towards the American lines, and were captured by them as prisoners of war, and hurriedly marched towards the house, followed by the Spaniards.

All was uproar and confusion, Spaniards, Americans and reconcentrados were all mixed up, to see the execution of the Spanish prisoners, who were marched out into line at the farther end of the large kitchen, and Ernest Draves, with his twenty-two calibre rifle, made the firing party, as it would not be in keeping for the other gun still in the hands of an unconquered Spaniard to be used for that purpose.

The first prisoner, the girl, fell to the floor at the report of the gun all proper and in good form; the next one, a boy, dropped at the report of the gun, but so lacking in stage effect that bursts of merry laughter and clapping of hands was indulged in by the boisterous throng.

The next, a beautiful, bright boy of nine years, brother to young Draves, stood there alone. Young Draves raised his gun, and at the word "Fire" from one of the boys, pulled the trigger. A little louder report followed, the boy did not fall, but gave a piercing cry, put his hand to his heart, and walked into another room; a silence fell upon them all,

as a presentiment that something had gone wrong.

The noisy, joyous crowd of a few moments before was now hushed by the manner and action of the boy, and followed him into the room. He fell upon his knees saying, "I'm shot," and then commenced to pray. Fear came upon the party, and as the blood was seen coloring the white waist of the boy, some fled for help, while Ernest Draves' face blanched with fear and dismay at the deed he had done.

Neighbors were soon on the scene, the children stood around in tears. The doctor was quickly in attendance and pronounced it a fatal wound. The small bullet had gone clear through the body, just below the heart, and dropped out of the clothing of the beautiful little boy, as kind and tender hands undressed his suffering little body. Death came speedily and relieved the tension of the minds of the children.

The parents were summoned home. A bright and intelligent spirit had fled in their absence, and all they could do was to inter in the silent earth the beautiful form of their loved child. Young Ernest Draves suffered an agony of childish grief, but it did not bring back the life of the dear little brother he loved so well.

The facts of the case were that Ernest, in his hurry and excitement to see the Shetland ponies, had dropped into his pocket a cartridge from which he had not extracted the bullet, and unnoticed in the still greater excitement of executing the Spanish prisoners, he had slipped the loaded cartridge into the rifle with which he took his own dear brother's life.

Some of my young readers may recall this incident, as it is in part a true one, and yet its lesson will not reach the parties of the next accident in time to

prevent its occurrence; but fire arms are dangerous as the old familiar saying has it, "without lock, stock or barrel."

Only the other day I saw a party of men standing up in a wagon, going out to hunt rabbits, and one of the party was loading a shotgun while the wagon was in motion. The Bishop looking on at a distance observing it, said: "That is rather dangerous," and it seems that no amount of talking or accidents will prevent the careless handling of the deadly gun.

The writer of this, when but a small boy, had his mind impressed with the danger in the use of firearms, in the following incident: I stood watching a man washing pewter pots, scouring them with sand and hot water; when presently a gentleman came down the alley-way, past the kitchen door where the man was at work; it appears the man was also cleaning an old-fashioned one-barrel horse pistol, which he raised all dripping with water and pointed it at the gentleman's head, saying, "Your money or your life."

The gentleman had been drinking a little. The next thing I saw was the man falling to the floor from the force of a terrific blow, delivered by the gentleman in no very gentle manner, who then proceeded to kick the man all over the room, as he endeavored to roll out of his reach, and crying aloud with pain at every blow from the heavy shoes of the wearer.

I looked on dazed for awhile, and then ran off for help. Other gentlemen came and stopped the punishment of the poor, foolish "potman," as he was called. The kicks were of no gentle kind, and the gentleman afterwards paid twenty-five dollars for medical attention to the man he had so unmercifully punished.

I shall never forget the scene, nor the numerous comments that were made in

my hearing by the gentlemen present, as to the care that should be used in handling firearms, and the many incidents recited of narrow escapes each one had had, at either being shot or of shooting someone else.

We have read recently of two accidents to shepherders, whose pistols fell out of their scabbards and inflicted terrible wounds; of a man pursuing a wild cat, falling and shooting himself in the arm, which was afterwards amputated.

But a short time ago we read of a married woman shooting a child to death with a shotgun, pointing it direct at the child after having seen it snapped several times without being discharged, and literally blowing half the child's head away.

We all remember how the only blood shed in the Echo Canyon war was

brought about. One of the boys, climbed up among the rocks, and called out to a companion away off across on the other side, "I'll give you leave." His comrade raised his gun and fired with fatal effect, for he hit the man, and caused his death.

The lesson to be learned is, that firearms are dangerous and should never be "fooled" with, or pointed at any object that is subject to damage, and never in play should we point a gun at a human being or snap a pistol or gun—loaded or not loaded.

The verdict of the gentlemen in the foolish potman's case was, "It served him right;" but they were sorry he was so foolish as to need instructing by such harsh treatment on the proper care that should be taken in the use of guns and pistols.

A. Jones.



TESTIMONY OF A LIFE.

THE youth of Zion are unfamiliar with those phases of religious custom, method, expression and manifestations of influence and power which their fathers knew; their training, surroundings and religious vocabulary are essentially different; and the deeper a person drinks of the latter the more surprised is he when in reading, travel or missionary life he becomes familiar with the phenomenon of life to which men cling with a tenacity altogether incomprehensible to the unsophisticated, noncontroversial unity of his own people and church.

The writer was baptized, steeped from first impressions in the turbid waters of the sectarian world, from drift, surroundings and choice he became familiar both with the inner and outer workings of many grades of organized religious forces, from the sacerdotal solidity of antiquity as represented by the so-called "Mother" church, through the less assertive but always zealous and popular (now) of the state establishment, down to the latest Ranter and since that to the Salvationist whose enthusiasm and labor call for our respect.

From the superlative assumptions of

Antenonianism, to the most liberal of Armenianism, we have trod those dreary wastes, but found no permanent oasis for our weary feet; the routine of class meetings, love-feasts, camp meetings and special revival seasons, were the everyday pabulum of our hungry soul, the ignorant but zealous pounder of the pulpit in the little country conventicals gave us our first lesson, and our final graduation came through William Ellery Channing, the saintly Martineau, the loving Theodore Parker, and hosts of "lesser lights," while in literature we roamed from "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," with Bunyon's Pilgrim in his wonderful "Progress," into the "everglades" of the mystic, finally to Paine, Voltaire, Rousseau, and last with the cool, deliberate Straus and past the brilliant Ingersoll, who captivated more by his flowers of rhetoric than by the solidity of his logic.

The wonderful modern movement called "Mormonism" has had nearly fifty years of attention; I have "dwelt in the tents," sat by the camp-fires, fought in the battles, and become familiar with the claims, assertions, assumptions and the measure of success achieved by the most famous generals of poetical warfare, and now if possible, would like to place on record what observation and experience deem to be the essential and well-defined difference between the "hydra headed" Samson of Christendom and the young David, with a few small pebbles and his sling, yet destined to overthrow error and to establish truth, drawing the human soul from the mists and shadows of uninspired opinion, to bask under the rich, mellow and untarnished light of divine revelation, as made plain in the Palestinian Christ and reproduced through His august successor and representative, Joseph Smith the Prophet of our day—of this nation, in the

order of God, a gitted soul, supplementing the work of the fathers who were with the vanguard of political redemption, by the New Testament of religious liberty, "a consummation devoutly to be wished!"

There is truth to be found in connection with all religions, truth associated with all parties, truth in all creeds. That truth is salvatory, for it has preserved from putrefaction, old systems and become the life of all organizations of power among mankind. That truth is divine, eternal and has been revealed from heaven, but in its transmission it has been overlaid by human invention, the product of accident, design and the rejection in whole or part of new light, of added truth, of continuous revelation from the great Supreme who created man, who had a purpose in this, who was familiar with the best means for the accomplishment of this purpose, subject, as is seen in all history, to the agency or co-working of the creature with his Creator!

This manifestation of the Divine will was called "the Gospel," that plan, method, system, order, which is eternal and everlasting, devised, arranged before the foundations of the earth were laid. The destined progenitor of the human race, once associated with the great rulers in the Godhead, came through Paradise, and by the fall paved the way for exaltation and eternal life to an innumerable host who have since tabernacled in flesh, subject to its conditions, to individual fall, yet all the time having enshrined within them the power of redemption after experience, by the grace of God and obedience to the Gospel of Christ, and in the interim in every nation under the most abject or other conditions. "He that feared God and worked righteousness was accepted of Him."

The world may have been dominated by ignorance, darkness may have covered it and "gross darkness the minds of the people," which, according to the matter-of-fact, trading pulpiteer was one hundred and forty-four times more dense than ordinary darkness, "a darkness which might be felt," so to speak, yet there has always been a measure of light, the Divine Father was always reachable. Millions of true and faithful men have lived in His fear, have cherished the truth, as far as they comprehended it, have had a degree of loving faith, have had prayers answered, testimony has been theirs, thousands of them, perhaps, have been heard, and after a good life these souls have gone in willing trust to their sure reward; but in those uncounted testimonies which have been presented in this way did I once hear the most enthusiastic religionist testify that Methodism as a system was true, or Presbyterianism, or the Salvation Army, that these had been organized by the will of the Father, or that they could be called "the Church of God?"

The Mother church is unique in that it claims to be such, but this claim is disputed, ignored in fact, or why should they secede? Why call her "the Mother of Harlots?" when they alone are her progeny in Christian lands?

We have participated in these exercises in the sectarian world, have been blessed, comforted and enlarged, as from church to church we were allured by the music of additional truth, but we never had the testimony that any church, as a church, or system of religion, as a religion, was revealed of God.

In a perfunctory, mechanical, yet earnest way we had learned the catechism, read the Scriptures, joined in services, read theology, listened to controversy, and moved as the Spirit mani-

festated the truth, "without the sound of ax or hammer or any tool of iron being heard therein," but contact in the very depth of scepticism as to authority, or as to the existence of "the Gospel of Christ," or "the Church of God" being on the earth, we had become incredulous, and looked on pretension as supreme.

Meeting with the Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ "was almost an unwelcome surprise." Essentially British, it was not realized that in "the eternal fitness of things," the hand which had rocked the cradle of creed and political liberty, should nurse the man-child, bringing salvation of a higher order than was involved in Constitutions and Declarations of Independence. But there was new thought, new ideas, new conceptions, a new phraseology with these men and their adherents; to them "Mormonism" was divine, they knew *that as a system it was true*, its founder was sent of God, that sectarianism, "part iron and part of miry clay," was more than vulnerable. As we had proved, it was unofficial, unscriptural and therefore as fragments imperfect and incomplete, was bound to pass away "when that which was perfect had come."

"My doctrine is not mine," said the Man of Galilee centuries ago. "My doctrine is not mine," said the Prophet of this latter dispensation, and both staked their claims for verity and authority on the same eternal base, "If any man will do the will of the Father, he shall know of the doctrine!" Had any other organization in our experience thus challenged our obedience or drawn out our love? There is the supreme distinction: One with all its vagaries, opinions, discussions and divisions, carrying with it everywhere the insignia of human weakness, the other by its unity, its personal testimony, irrespective of books, of con-

claves, of convocations or of worldly wisdom, startling the world; the former lost as to its power of evangelization because of division, yet carrying with it some elements of joy, of peace, of testimony not as to itself, its origin, advocates or efficiency, but partly meeting an unsatisfied want of the human soul; a voice, in innumerable instances, of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!"

Every convert to the Gospel who receives this absorbing testimony becomes in turn a propagandist; he is a preacher of righteousness, he testifies of God and Christ, he knows that the Gospel is true, that the heavens are open *now*, that

Joseph Smith was a Prophet in very deed, that the Church and Kingdom of God is again established on the earth, that its supremacy and triumph are irrevocably decreed, that all the isolated or fragmentary truths of Christendom or sectarianism have been welded together—fused into one beautiful, harmonious whole by the power of inspiration and revelation from on high. Having this faith, this knowledge, this assurance, the subtleties and dogmas of schools and creeds have become valueless to him and he is assured that every seeking soul will ultimately be enlightened and disenthralled by this power of truth—"diamond" truth. N



THE BOOK OF LIFE.

WE often hear, and especially at the beginning of the new year, the old saying, "Turn over a new leaf;" and we are led to think of a new leaf in the great Book of Life. Evidently people wish us to understand that each new leaf is clean and spotless, and represents one of the many years of a lifetime. Do any of you know how a book, a complete book, is made? First, of course, there must be the copy, or the manuscript, the thought, the story from some author. Then comes the setting up of the tin types, small pieces of hard metal, on the ends of which are little letters. When a galley full of type has been set up, a proof is struck off and corrected by a proof-reader. Following this part of the work comes the making up of the form, or forms, which is the placing of the type in pages into a strong iron chase. The

type now securely fastened in the chase is placed in the huge press from which comes the printed sheets. These sheets may contain 4, 8, 12, 16, 24, 32 or more pages. They are folded, gathered, sewed, trimmed, glued, and finally bound into volumes. Whether the book, when bound is worth a dime or a dollar, depends upon the matter it contains, the material used in its construction, and the care exercised in producing it.

The making of the Book of Life is decidedly different. Its copy, or manuscript, we must furnish, and call thoughts. Its type is our actions. Its proof is our judgment of those actions. Its corrections—our power or will to correct our faults and mistakes. Its forms represent our pages, or our days. The paper upon which it is printed—our hearts and our memories. The book when completed and bound—our character. Wheth-

er your Book of Life will or will not be valuable to yourself and your fellow-men depends wholly and solely upon your own efforts. You are the author, the compositor, the pressman and the binder.

What sort of book do you like? One whose every page is full of all that is good and true and noble? Then be the author of such a book.

The Utah Eagle, (organ of the Utah School for the Deaf and the Blind.)



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

THE Garden of Gethsemane, so dear to the heart of all Christians, and about which poets have sung for nearly two thousand years, is situated at the foot of the Mount of Olives, about half a mile east of the city of Jerusalem.

Leaving the city by the eastern gate the road winds down the steep sides of a dry ravine called the Kidron, which separates the Holy City from the Mount of Olives. The garden is reached just before beginning the ascent of the mount. At the time of the Savior this was covered with a beautiful grove of olive trees, and its gentle slopes were grasscovered, and its footpaths formed a pleasant roadway to the village of Bethany, just beyond, the home of Lazarus and of Mary and Martha. Gethsemane was a garden or orchard, most probably enclosed in those days by a stone wall. As it had been a place of frequent resort for Jesus and His followers, it may be assumed that it belonged to some friendly owner, very likely a disciple. The name Gethsemane means "the oil press," and was doubtless so called from a press to crush the olives yielded by the many trees from which the hill derived its name. At the present time, what is thought to be the location of the Gar-

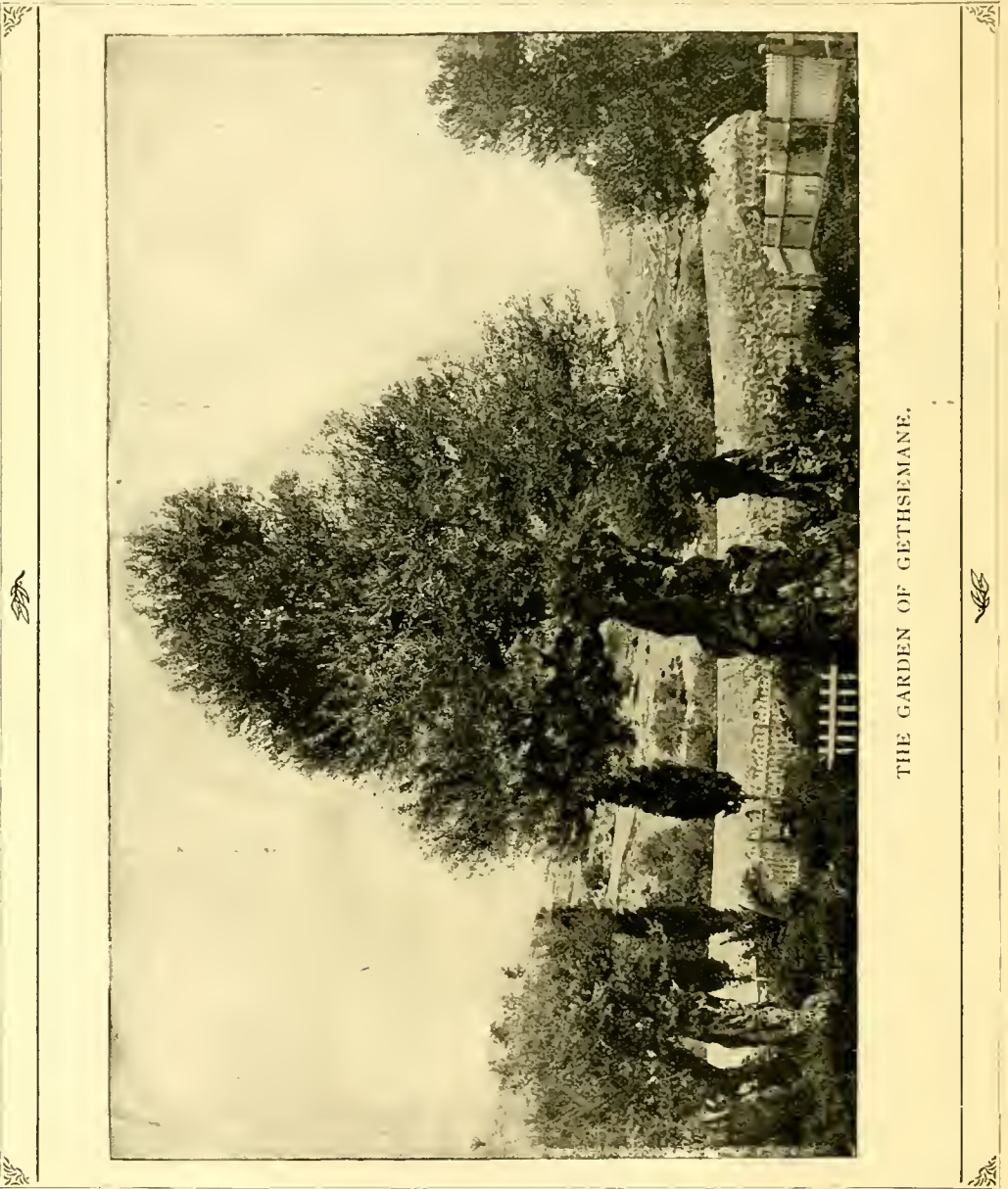
den of Gethsemane is beautifully kept in remembrance of the tragedy which was enacted within its precincts. Chapels, shrines and altars mark the "holy places,"—spots which tradition says designate the places made sacred by the feet of Jesus. All of which, however, is only conjecture; the location of the garden itself is also wrapt in doubt and uncertainty. All that is positively known is that it lies at some part of the foot of the Mount of Olives, just beyond the outer walls, on the east of Jerusalem.

Early in March last Jerusalem was visited by Apostle Francis M. Lyman. He visited the supposed sites of Gethsemane and Calvary, also the Mount of Olives, which he found swarming with natives who importune pilgrims and tourists for alms and "bakshish." In a part of the mount which has been set apart for it, the Russian or Greek church has built near its church building an immense view-tower, some two hundred feet high, from which can be had a grand panoramic survey of the ancient city, and the surrounding country and hills of Judea. Other denominations of Christians lay claim to other portions of the mount and maintain chapels and altars there. Turkish soldiers, however, are stationed near, also about other sup-

posed hallowed places in and near Jerusalem, to keep the contending Christians from fighting and killing one another.

In a grove of young cypress trees,

slope where they could kneel in prayer. Here, in all solemnity and earnestness, they plead with the Lord for the redemption of Judah and Jerusalem, and



THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

some fifty yards from the Russian tower, Elder Lyman and his companions, on March 4th last, found a secluded grassy

the fulfillment of the words of Isaiah and other ancient Prophets, as well as of the words of the Savior in former

days, and those of the Prophet Joseph Smith in this dispensation. They also besought the blessings of the Lord upon the whole land and upon the posterity of Abraham. They blessed the earth that it might become fruitful, as of old; and the people that they might be redeemed from their superstition and idolatry.

This was the fifth time that the Holy Land has been thus blessed by Apostles of the Lord in this day and dispensation. Apostles Orson Hyde, George A. Smith, Lorenzo Snow and Anthon H. Lund visited that country in years past, at different times, and dedicated and blessed the land preparatory to the return of the Jews from their long dispersion and exile.

As the scene of Christ's betrayal by the traitor Judas, whose avarice led him to sell his Lord for thirty pieces of silver, the Garden of Gethsemane will live in the memory of men as long as time shall be. In connection with the Mount of Olives this spot is also hallowed in the memory of every follower of the Savior as one of the few favorite resorts of Jesus, where he spent many quiet and restful hours with His faithful and beloved Apostles, particularly during the closing days of His ministry on earth. This hallowed ground was the scene of many of His talks and parables, and from which view-point He uttered His predictions concerning the terrible destruction of Jerusalem. In the latter part of His ministry Jesus passed that way almost daily in going to and from Jerusalem. He usually rested at night in the quiet village of Bethany, just beyond the Mount of Olives, where Mary and Martha and others of His friends resided. Here He was at home, and felt safe from those who were ever seeking to destroy Him. Jesus did not love cities. They were nearly always dirty,

the sole scavengers were the dogs of the street. He scarcely ever slept within the precincts of a city. He shrank from their excitement and crowded wickedness, preferring the refreshing love and peace which surrounded Him in the quiet village and holy home.

Gethsemane is also memorable as the place where our Savior spent His last night on earth; that night of agony, when He was brought to face a trial that was almost more than He could endure; when He was nearly overcome with a grief beyond utterance, a struggle almost beyond endurance; and suffering which wrung from Him the pathetic and touching confession, "My soul is full of anguish, even unto death," and forced from Him the sweat that streamed like drops of blood from every pore. It was here that He sensed, perhaps for the first time fully, the awful loneliness of His position, and the terrible weight of having to bear alone, the sins of the whole world and for which He must atone. He had glorified His Father on the earth; had completed His ministry, and finished His earthly work; had done all, in short, that He had been sent to do, and only awaited the end, when He should be offered up as the great sacrifice for the sins of the world.

A few hours before Jesus had partaken of His "Last Supper" in Jerusalem with His disciples, when He had lovingly communed with them for the last time. He then "went, as He was wont, to the Mount of Olives; and His disciples also followed Him." Here He awaited the end, for Judas had gone out from the supper table that he might betray his Lord and deliver Him into the hands of the chief priests and elders who were then plotting His destruction.

And when "they came to a place that was called Gethsemane, He said to His disciples, Sit ye here, while I shall

pray. And He taketh with Him Peter and James and John, and went about a stone's cast, and bid them tarry and watch. And He went forward a little and fell on the ground," and prayed to the Father, pouring out His agonized soul to the great Creator. "O my Father," said He, "if it be possible let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not my will, but Thine, be done."

Oh, the grandeur of this unique and complete sacrifice of self! "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt," was the glorifi-

cation of His Father on earth. However bitter the cup, however great the struggle and anguish, and however sharp the agonies of dissolution were to be to One who was not subject to death, on whom death had no claim, yet His heart was true though torn; His abnegation of self and deference to the will of His Father was full and complete, crowning His death as it had adorned His life.

Jos. Hyrum Parry.



LOU'S INVESTMENT.

WHEN Lou was nine or ten years old Mrs. C—— gave her a Chinese lily bulb. Most, if not all of you, have seen them; they look a good deal like onions. Mrs. C—— told Lou to put the bulb into a bowl of water, and to put a handful or two of stones around it to help it to stand straight when it commenced to grow. Lou did as she was directed; and the way that bulb grew! First there were bunches came out on the sides and top, and, in a few days, dark green leaves came out of those bunches, which grew so fast one could notice a difference in a day and night. In a short time flower stalks shot up among the green leaves which soon had buds on their tops and one day Lou found her lily covered with beautiful, white flowers with golden hearts. A young man saw the lovely lily and wanted it, to give to his sweetheart. Lou disliked to part with her flower, but as she was an unselfish little girl, she let him have it. He gave

her twenty-five cents and told her to get another lily bulb. But it was rather too late in the season, so she made another purchase of which I will tell you later on.

The young man presented the lily to the lady of his choice. She was a kind young lady, with a low, sweet voice and blue eyes that nearly always smiled; she took good care of it until it brought out all of its beautiful flowers and filled the room with a perfume which like the tube rose and the lilac, was rather too heavy close at hand, but agreeable at a short distance. All unconsciously the lily had revealed the wonderful secrets of its inner life, but it had no part in the pleasure its unfolding had given the gentle lady, since it could not know that its long, slender leaves were a delicate green, that its dainty flowers were a rich cream color, nor could it compare the fragrance of its flowers with others to thus determine which was the more agreeable. On a

diet of air and sunshine and a daily drink of water it had performed the work assigned it by the One who created it and when its work was done it went to rest.

With the twenty-five cents Lou got for her lily she bought a Plymouth Rock hen. Chickens were not as dear then as now. Her brother made a perch for it in an old wood shed in the back yard, and put a soap box with some straw in it, in one corner for a nest. Biddy accepted both perch and nest. During the day she took her dust baths and scratched for such things as she found to her liking in company with a neighbor's chickens, but at night she went to her lonely perch in the wood shed.

Lou did not disturb the eggs that accumulated in the soap-box. When there were as many as Biddy could comfortably cover with her wings, she concluded to raise a family, as she found living alone rather dull. She sat on her eggs twenty-one days, only leaving them long enough to take a dust bath and eat the crumbs that Lou was careful to always have ready for her. At the end of three weeks something very interesting to Biddy and Lou happened in that nest. First little peeps were heard that no doubt Biddy thought the sweetest music that ever was made; in a short time twelve of the white shells opened and out came twelve downy chicks which Biddy was quite right in believing to be very pretty indeed, as little chicks are much prettier than most young birds. After cuddling them lovingly under her warm wings and letting them rest a day or two in the nest, where Lou furnished them plenty of crumbs and corn meal soaked in milk, Biddy proudly brought forth her large family and taught them, by example, as they grew, how to work for their living as their good, industrious mother did for hers. She let them rest

often under her wings, and every evening took them back to the wood shed to spend the night. This she did until they were old enough to no longer need her care.

When the twelve chicks were about two-thirds grown, a lady gave Lou three dollars for them. Biddy did not seem to grieve for her loss. After resting awhile she laid more eggs and raised another family. Lou also bought another hen with nine little chicks. I cannot say how many of her chickens grew up, but when warm weather came again I saw her dressed in a pretty lace trimmed white dress, and a white Leghorn hat trimmed in blue, that she had bought with the money that she got for her chickens.

Don't you think that was doing pretty well for starting with a capital of twenty-five cents. As there were no gardens near where Lou lived the neighbors were not annoyed by the chickens scratching, and often gave Lou stale bread and crumbs from the table to feed them. She sold them all before cold weather, so their feed had cost her very little.

Inspired by Lou's success, her brother started in with four hens, the next spring and from them raised eighty chickens during the spring and summer.

While we are talking about chickens I have a mind to tell you of a funny experience I had one summer: I wished to interest my children in reading the Bible, so I told them that I would give Bible names to a good many of the young chickens and I desired them to find out what they could about the persons the chickens were named for. You observe the names as I give them and in some instances you will find out what suggested the name, but not in many: Caleb and Joshua were two young roosters that were hatched late in the fall and

were the only ones of their mother's numerous family that survived the winter. A pair of fine Brahmas were known as Abraham and Sarah; Adah and Zillah were named for the two wives of Lam-ech. Leah and Rachel, Bilhah and Zilpah were four motherly Plymouth Rock hens who meekly and modestly bore the names of the mothers of Jacob's twelve sons; two fine fowls were called Isaac and Rebekah. I don't remember whether there was an Adam and Eve or a Hagar or an Ishmael, in the flock, but I think not. Two pretty creepy hens were named Mary and Martha, the latter deserved the name of care-taker as she affectionately adopted all the little chicks she could entice under her motherly wings and it was not an uncommon thing for her to be lifted off the ground by them, when they grew taller than she. A great favorite with the children was little Ehud, a rooster with a queer left leg; one deformed in both feet we called Mephibosheth after the son of David's beloved friend Jonathan. A queer little freak was Bartimeus, the only chick I ever saw that was born blind, of course it did not live long. A baby Brahma that fell out of its nest and got so badly chilled that it seemed to be dead, but revived after being warmed under its mother's wings, was named Lazarus. A creepy rooster with a fat body and very short legs was named Zaccheus for the rich little publican who climbed into a sycamore tree to see Jesus pass by. Two brown leghorns bore with dignity the names of King David and King Solomon; the names were suggested by

their gorgeous plumage. As you may suppose, a Bible story was called for and willingly given every time a chicken was named. The children thought it great fun and our neighbors often inquired with more than ordinary interest after our oddly named chickens. All went well until one day my husband innocently remarked:

"Abraham and Sarah are getting nice and fat, don't you think they would make a fine fry for dinner?"

"Fry for dinner!" said I, "they are so tame that they will eat out of my hand, do you think that I could eat them?"

"So will any of your chickens for that matter, my dear," said my husband, "And don't you think it would be a trifle inconvenient to winter seventy-five or a hundred pets."

Well, I had not thought of that. I felt like a cannibal. I was glad that I had not named any more of them, but what was I to do with those that I had? Bartimeus and Mephibosheth died and the children gave them an affectionate burial. King David I gave to a little nephew who took great pride in his gay plumage. Some of them I sent to the Tithing Office. One of my little girls came in one morning with tears in her eyes and little Ehud in her hand; he had got caught in a gate and killed. Many of them I kept till they died of old age. As the hens were good layers I was well repaid for sparing their lives, some of their descendants are scratching in the barnyard now. I assure you that I have never named a chicken since, and don't you if you expect to eat it.

Martha J. C. Lewis.



A GUILD OF COURTESY.

AN organization known as The Children's National Guild of Courtesy has been thriving and growing in England for ten years. In 1901 it had nearly thirty-two thousand members scattered through some five hundred towns and villages. Its professed aim is "to encourage a spirit of chivalry among children; to stimulate them to be courteous; and to promote habits of neatness and cleanliness, and purity of action and speech."

A boy or girl, between the ages of five and fifteen becomes a member by paying one penny, the amount of the annual subscription. A bronze badge of membership costs one penny more.

The "branches" are organized in the simplest manner—usually in public and Sunday schools. Once a week the rules of the Guild are read aloud. They are arranged under various headings—courtesy as regards yourself, courtesy at home, at school, at play, in the street, at table, everywhere. Taken together, these rules provide for the foundations

of good manners—to which good morals are first cousins.

Reports from many parts of England tell of the noteworthy effect which this concerted action on behalf of courtesy has wrought in the life of school and town. If it is needed in a country where the bus conductor says, "Thank you, sir," when you pay your fare, is there not room for a similar movement in our less deliberate land?

To incite the members to following their rules of courtesy, the Guild declares, "Three of the bravest and greatest men who ever lived—the Duke of Wellington, General Gordon and General Washington — were distinguished for their courteous behavior." It is significant to find the father of our country singled out as one of three models for English youth. From this striking fact American boys and girls—and their elders—may be left to draw the full suggestion and stimulus.

Youth's Companion.



LOTS OF TWINS.

IN the first intermediate class of the Cleveland, Idaho, Sunday School are four pairs of twins, all being between the ages of eight and twelve years. But all the Cleveland twins are not in that class, which speaks well for that settlement seeing it is but a small one. One of the twins writes us as follows:

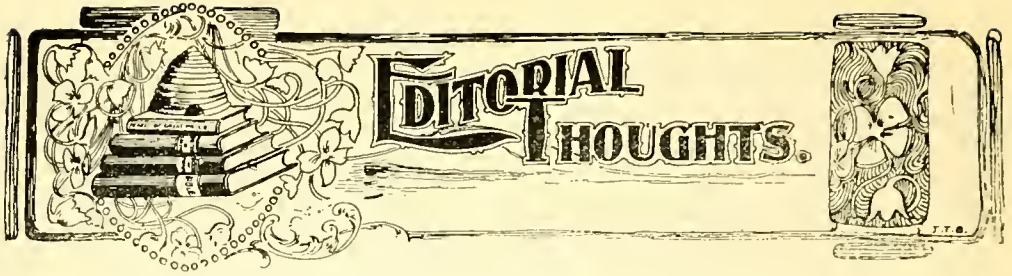
I have lived in Cleveland this winter and I go to Sunday School. I am in Aunt Jane Smith's class—the first intermediate. There are twenty-six of us in her class, with four pairs of twins, I and my brother, Elmer, make the fourth pair. Aunt Jane was fifty-six years old on her last birthday, and her class surprised her. Nearly all took her presents. We had a nice time; we

played games. Aunt Jane jumped the rope and could beat the best of us. After dinner she took us all to Primary, after which we had ice cream. I have seven brothers and two sisters. My eldest brother is on a mission to the Southern States. My ma hopes that all her boys will go on missions. I am eleven years old.

From your friend,

ELMO SANT.

Cleveland is not the only place in southeastern Idaho that is being filled with Latter day Saints. Elder A. W. Beach, of the stake superintendency of the Bingham Stake, told us a few days ago that he himself had, during the past twelve years, been present at the organization of forty-eight new Sunday Schools in the Snake River Valley.



SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, - JULY 1, 1902.

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THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF MARRIAGE,
AND ITS OPPOSITE.

MANY people imagine that there is something sinful in marriage; there is an apostate tradition to that effect. This is a false and very harmful idea. To the contrary, God not only commends but He commands marriage. While man was yet immortal, before sin had entered the world, our Heavenly Father Himself performed the first marriage. He united our first parents in the bonds of holy matrimony and commanded them to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth. This command He has never changed, abrogated or annulled; but it has continued in force throughout all the generations of mankind.

Without marriage the purposes of

God would be frustrated so far as this world is concerned, for there would be none to obey His other commands. God created this earth as a home for the children whom He had begotten in the spirit, as He had before time created other earths, innumerable to man, for the same purpose. Without marriage this world would have remained an empty wilderness without inhabitants, or if children were born thereon by promiscuous intercourse, without restraint or law, man would have been a savage without family ties or relationships and the whole world would have been a pandemonium, little less than a hell. Indeed it is altogether probable that, had such conditions existed, humanity would have died out in a few generations—the children would have been left uncared for and unprotected, and, of those who grew to manhood, every man's hand would have been against his neighbor, and woman would have been his victim and his slave. Marriage is the guardian, the conservator of the human family.

In the history of the nations this lesson is impressed with unvarying uniformity—where marriage has been honored and observed the people have been virtuous, and being virtuous have been strong. This is written by the hand of time throughout all generations past, and will so continue to the end. There appears to be a something beyond and above the reasons apparent to the human mind why chastity brings strength and power to the peoples of the earth, but it is so. Let us take Rome, oftentimes, because of her

widespread dominion, called the mistress of the world, as an instance. For several centuries after the city's foundation no such thing as a divorce was sought or granted. Then Rome was the most powerful of all lands. But a change came, her people grew wealthy in the spoiling of the nations; with wealth came luxury, with luxury licentiousness, until the moral condition of the empire became unspeakably corrupt, wives were swapped, bartered and exchanged, put away and divorced for a whim or a fancy, and harlotry was almost universal. Then swiftly followed her decline and fall, and more virtuous and more vigorous, though from Rome's standpoint, less civilized, races took her place in the world's history, while all her glory became a memory and a dream never again to be revived. And what is true of the Romans is true of other races—the Babylonians, the Greeks, the Nephites, as examples.

Today a flood of iniquity is overwhelming the civilized world. One great reason therefor is the neglect of marriage; it has lost its sanctity in the eyes of the great majority. It is at best a civil contract, but more often an accident or a whim, or a means of gratifying the passions. And when the sacredness of the covenant is ignored or lost sight of, then a disregard of the marriage vows, under the present moral training of the masses, is a mere triviality, a trifling indiscretion.

The neglect of marriage, this tendency to postpone its responsibilities until middle life that so perniciously affects Christendom is being felt in the midst of the Saints. To do so is fashionable, it is "in the air," it is the "correct thing;" early marriages are decried, argued against, frowned down. Certainly we are not in favor of the very early marriages that prevailed a few centuries ago, when many of the queens of Eng-

land were married at fourteen, in fact Isabella, daughter of the King of France, was only eight years old when she married (1396) King Richard II. Mahomet consummated his nuptials with Ayesha when she was only nine years old. This the other extreme, is also harmful in its results. But what we wish to impress upon the Saints is that the legitimate union of the sexes is a law of God, that, to be blessed of Him, we must honor that law, that if we do not do so the mere fact that we are called by His name will not save us from the evils that neglect of this law entails, that indeed we are only His people when we observe His laws, that when we do not do so we may expect the same unfortunate results to come upon us as flow to the rest of humanity from the same causes. In other words "human nature is human nature" in saint or sinner, and we shall surely witness licentiousness increase in our midst if we disregard and neglect honorable wedlock.

We believe that every man holding the holy Priesthood should be married, with the very few exceptions of those who through infirmities of mind or body are not fit for marriage. Every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the married state. We hold that no man who is marriageable is fully living his religion who remains unmarried. He is doing a wrong to himself by retarding his progress, by narrowing his experience, and to society by the undesirable example that he sets to others, as well as he, himself, being a dangerous factor in the community.

There are doubtless other reasons than the force of outside example—the influence of the environment, that cause this inclination amongst us to put off marriage. As a community we are the richest in the world, with the wealth more evenly divided than amongst other

communities—few millionaires and no beggars. But being thus wealthy our young people are too poor to get married. They want to commence life at the point that their parents have now reached in affluence and comfort. This is not necessary, we do not deem it even desirable; certainly not as an excuse for postponing matrimony. On the other hand, we are of the opinion that many fathers do not do their whole duty by their sons: they do not encourage them to enter the married state by such material assistance as they might reasonably afford. They do not say, "My boy, if you will get married, I will give you so many acres of my land, where you can build a home and commence life." Too often when the son does marry he has to go hundreds of miles away, say to Arizona or Alberta, to make a home that a little consideration on the part of the father would enable him to create at that father's side. By this, as we think, short sighted course some fathers have their children scattered from Montana to Mexico, and still the old homestead remains partially untilled, there is more work thereon than the father alone can properly do.

Again, some of our young men seem to be frightened out of marriage. They dread the preposterous claims made by some of the "weaker" sex for the "rights of women." When they marry they want a home keeper and a wife, not a public lecturer—that duty they are willing to relegate to aged maiden ladies and the widows. This feeling may be a foolish one, but it certainly exists, and it is not helpful. Zion is no place for a war of the sexes. God intended them to be one, and so declared. It is not doing His work to keep them separate, or to cause them to feel that they have diverse and opposed interests, and that separation, not union, is the object of their creation. He who dis-

countenances marriage is opposing God's law and injuring humanity.

We say to our young people, get married, and marry aright. Marry in the faith, and let the ceremony be performed in the place God has appointed. Live so that you may be worthy of this blessing. If, however, obstacles, not at present removable, prevent this most perfect form of marriage, have your Bishop perform the ceremony, and then, at the earliest possible moment, go to the Temple. But do not marry those out of the Church, as such unions almost invariably lead to unhappiness and quarrels and often finally to separation. Besides, they are not pleasing in the sight of heaven. The believer and unbeliever should not be yoked together, for sooner or later, in time or in eternity, they must be divided again.

And now we desire with holy zeal to emphasize the enormity of sexual sins. Though often regarded as insignificant by those not knowing the will of God, they are, in His eyes, an abomination, and if we are to remain His favored people they must be shunned as the gates of hell. The evil results of these sins are so patent in vice, crime, misery and disease that it would appear that all, young and old, must perceive and sense them. They are destroying the world. If we are to be preserved we must abhor them, shun them, not practice the least of them, for they weaken and enervate, they kill man spiritually, they make him unfit for the company of the righteous and the presence of God.

In conclusion we wish to impress upon our brethren who locally preside in Zion the importance of enforcing these truths upon the minds of our youth, and of their encouraging in every way their positions give them opportunity, righteous wedlock amongst the Saints

Joseph F. Smith.

A DELIGHTFUL FOURTH.



DON'T see why their trouble should spoil my holiday," said Trent rebelliously. "It won't seem like Fourth of July at all without fireworks."

"It will be a sorrowful enough holiday for them without having anything around to remind them more forcibly of the terrible occurrence," said his father. "You must remember that even without fireworks your day will be brighter than theirs can possibly be. It is a little sacrifice to make, to save them something of the keenness of their sorrow."

Trent looked thoughtful, but very discontented and unhappy, and yet could find no reply to his father's arguments.

The tragedy that had darkened their neighbors' lives had happened the previous summer on the anniversary of the national holiday, and though occurring six months previous to the Vernons' having taken their present home, yet the older people felt that it would be little less than brutal to permit anything upon the premises to add to the poignancy of their remembrance.

It was on the lawn between the two houses that the little sons of the previous tenant had set fire to the giant crackers whose flame had lit into an instant blaze the light dress of little Ethel Drake; and the result of the carelessness was a tiny grave in the cemetery, and an unconsolable sorrow to the family who mourned her loss.

To add to that grief was the last thing possible with people of the tender sensibilities of the Vernons; and hence the edict had gone forth that there were to be no fireworks on the premises on the anniversary of that fatal day, and Trent and Will and Daisy had been in despair since its issuance.

It mattered little to them that their

father had planned an excursion into the mountains for the day. Another time this event would have meant a great deal of joy; but for "the Fourth"—a day that meant to them, if it meant anything, firecrackers and rockets and Roman candles and the rest of it—the plan meant nothing but downright disappointment. It would not have been so bad if they could have taken some of their accessions with them. But the Drakes had been invited to join them in the picnic—and this did away with any possibility of fun of that kind.

"Or any other kind of fun," said Trent, discussing it a little later with Will and Daisy. "Of course they will go around looking glum and shedding tears all day, and making the rest of us feel nice and lively. I'd just about as soon go to a funeral and have done with it, anyway." Trent's mood was an exceedingly bad one for a boy of his years, and it made him feel unsympathetic and cynical to an intense degree.

"It's to try and prevent them from feeling that way, that mama invited them to go with us," said Daisy. "She thought if they stayed right here it would be dreadful for them, and that perhaps the change would make them more cheerful." Daisy was as disappointed as the rest about the new plans, but was inclined to be more fair than the boys. Not bad-hearted at all, they had had so little of trial in their young lives that this one seemed very grievous indeed in their eyes.

It took a little from their ill-feeling, however, when their father brought them each home that afternoon a new fishing rod for the camping trip; and when, the next morning they were all ready to start—with the sun not yet up over the hills, and the air cool and sweet, and the

covered rigs laden between the seats with lunch-baskets filled with cold chicken and salads and all the palatable things that have a particularly good taste out of doors, the disappointment had dwindled a great deal.

It was something, too, to see the bright look in the faces of the Blake children as they started off. Ned, who was Trent's size, and Lillie, who was two years younger, looking as if they had a world before them to conquer; and even Mr. and Mrs. Drake looking more cheerful than any of them had dared hope on this sorrowful anniversary. What the recreation and absence from sight of the scene and associations made so painful to them by the calamity, meant to the two bereaved souls none could know—the thought of meeting the day at its best bringing almost a feeling of dread to their hearts.

It was a glorious ride through the canyon, cool with morning shadows and fresh with the dustless, dew-bathed foliage of the pines and evergreens. And it was a glorious camping place they found at last in an open glade by the stream, with the green hills sloping away to the sky, lined with forests of birch and pine and cedar, and with another canyon opening just across the stream, with a beautiful green lake in its little valley.

There were six grown people in the party—a Mr. and Mrs. Walton, who were dear friends of the Vernons, besides the Drakes, and while these arranged the rugs and cushions under the trees, and brought out books and magazines from the baskets, the children scampered away up the hills to gather up some loose brush for the fire that would be made later on to fry the fish they expected to catch. Strange to say, none were disappointed in this, for even the ladies, who sought out some quiet

pools near the camping place caught some, and every one of the young people brought in a string of three or four for the midday meal. Mrs. Drake was delighted at having caught more than her husband, and Ned and Trent were the heroes of the younger set, each of them bringing in nine speckled beauties. But then they were the biggest boys and more was to be expected of them than of Will and Daisy and Lillian, who had never fished before.

The fire was made in a hurry when they were all in camp, and a camp-table spread in the shadiest part of the dell—and oh! how much better than anything at home did that delicious lunch taste out doors under the trees! Bread and butter and the commonest things seemed to be made of brand new materials. And the trout! They were all sure that never had any been cooked before to taste just like these. After it was all over and the things cleared away, it was small wonder they all had to rest a little.

Then after a time while the ladies lay on the rugs in the shade and read, two of the men went up stream again with their rods and Mr. Vernon took the children across into the other canyon where the lake was. In a little cabin perched among the rocks of the hill sloping from the water they found a man who owned the boat that was fastened to a tree close to the nearest shore of the lake, and Mr. Vernon, after seeing that the boat was safe, arranged with the man to take them all for a ride. When they had circled the pretty lake, Mr. Vernon took Daisy and Lillian back to camp, for both he and they were longing to be back with their fish rods—and the trout.

Making sure that the man, whose name was Jake Gibbs, was a kindly and honest fellow, he left the three boys in his care, charging them to follow his

directions, and then went with the girls to haunt the nooks of the speckled trout in the canyon stream.

The boys had found that their boatman was the jolliest kind of companion. All through their ride he kept them interested with tales of his mountain life, and they were surprised to find how much he found to do in his lonely home.

He rowed to a shady nook on the further shore where he had placed traps for the mink and otter that frequented the place, and showed them two of the furry little creatures that had been caught fast in the toils. When they had rowed around the lake, he fastened the boat and took them all up to his cabin and showed them the various traps he had invented for animals, which he told them often prowled near the place. Among them was a bear-trap, that had more interest for the children than anything else.

It made them look a little thoughtful to hear there were bears in the mountains near them, and all were curious to know what Jake did with them when he had caught them.

"I kill them sometimes for their hides," Jake told them, "and sometimes I cage them to sell to the circus people and wonder-shows. There are some wild-cats I am laying for now, that I expect to sell to the proprietor of a pleasure garden in town who has a menagerie among his attractions. There are two or three young ones that I can get at easy enough, but the old ones have eluded me, spite of my care, and traps and watching."

"Why don't you catch the young ones anyway?" asked Trent.

"I have to leave them as a snare for the parents," said Jake. "If I should take the young ones, the old ones might not return, and I would have a hard time finding them."

"I wish we could see them," said the boys in a breath.

"Are you all good climbers?" asked Jake.

"Yes, yes," they all chorused.

"Then you shall see them," replied their host. Taking the lead, he guided the three boys up a steep path which he had cut through the brush and trees to a sort of hollow, quite a distance up on the mountain-side, and here, in a nook partly hidden by the willows, they saw the opening to what looked like a cave. "Stay here while I see if the coast is clear," said Jake, stationing the boys behind a big rock a little distance from the opening.

Tip-toeing cautiously forward, he peeped into the cave, and in a moment beckoned to the others. They all went as he bade, and in a moment were peering into the darkness. They were all well repaid for their climb by what they saw. Inside the cave on a bed of leaves and twigs lay, or rather gambolled, three young wild-cats, none of them much larger than an ordinary sized cat, and none of them yet able to do more than wobble on their weak legs. The kittens withdrew a little from the entrance as they all looked in, but showed no signs of ferocity, and presently Trent and Ned had the courage to draw one forth and stroke its back. Their would-be pet did not show the same liking for this pastime as the tamer species, and soon crawled back to its fellows. Then Jake showed them the trap he had set in the willows a short distance from the cave. "It is a fresh one set this morning" he told them "and I am hoping that it will bring at least one of them."

"Why don't you put it nearer the cave?" asked Trent.

"I tried that, and it seemed to frighten them," said Jake, "so I have had to try

hiding it near by, trusting to the smell of the meat to attract them to it." As he ceased speaking he gave a quick look behind him, up the mountain-side. "Get out of sight quick!" he said hastily. "Here comes one of them now."

He pushed the boys behind the rock and then crouched among some shrubs a few paces away. The boys held their breath. They had learned enough of the wild-cat to know that it can be both fierce and dangerous on occasion, and there was a good deal of spice in the prospect of coming almost face to face with one.

They did not have long to wait. There was a stealthy rustle of the brush a little distance away, and presently the branches parted, and a large-sized wild-cat came into view, purring loudly and waving its long tail as it approached the cave.

It was the mother-cat, and the young ones hearing her approach, set up a loud noise—a cross between a meow and a squeal, that sounded very funny to the boys.

The large cat had almost reached the cave, when she stopped suddenly, her nostrils scenting the raw meat in the trap. In an instant she approached the place of its concealment and commenced smelling about the trap. Then in a moment, to the delight of Jake and the boys, there was a sudden cry and a fierce struggle amongst the bushes, and the animal appeared dragging furiously at the trap in which her fore-feet and head were securely caught.

Jake sprang from his hiding place with a broad smile on his face, and in a moment, spite of the frantic fight made by the infuriated wild-cat, had its hind paws strongly bound in the slip-knots of a lariat, which he had had the precaution to bring with him.

Having made himself thus safe from

both its fangs and its claws, Jake began to drag the animal by the other end of the lariat, down the path towards the cabin. "Hold on," he said suddenly as the boys prepared to follow him. "I forgot the young ones."

Going back to the cave he took out the three kittens, and giving one to each of the boys to carry, started for home.

Not altogether trusting their charges the boys held them somewhat gingerly, and were not sorry when they reached the cabin, where Jake showed them a cage standing against the side of the house, and bade them place the kittens inside. To do this was an easy task compared to Jake's.

Not daring to release the cat outside the cage, he first had to place it, trap and all, inside, and then with his hands run through the bars try to unfasten the knots and the springs of the trap, with the animal all the time making fierce efforts to free itself.

It took a long while to effect this, but finally, the task being done, with some big scratches on Jake's hands to show as a result, the boys stood by and watched with keen interest the enraged antics of the cat inside its prison-bars, the animal with snarling fangs and loud growls making fierce efforts to fly at its captors. Finally the clamor of the kittens attracted its attention from its foes, and they presently saw the mother grow calmer in her own efforts to quiet her offspring. The result was perhaps hastened by the meal furnished her in a piece of meat which Jake threw into the cage.

It was now half-past five o'clock and remembering they had promised to be back at camp by this time, they hurried away, with many hastily uttered thanks for the interesting entertainment furnished them by their afternoon's host, followed by an invitation from him to visit him at some future time.

Reaching the camp, they found preparations going on for supper, and presently Mr. Vernon with the two other men appeared, carrying a large quota to the evening meal in a long string of fish.

By the time the meal was over it was seven o'clock, and time to pack up for home, the ladies as well as others of the party expressing sincere regret that the pleasant day was past. It was a splendid ride in the evening shadows, and all reached home with expressions of delight at the day's pleasure.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Vernon later, as they all sat on the porch a few moments before going to bed, "has the holiday been quite the failure you anticipated without fireworks?"

"Fireworks," exclaimed Trent contemptuously, "I wouldn't have missed seeing that wild-cat captured for all the fireworks in America."

"Nor I," said Will.

"Lily and I would lots rather have had that boat-ride and the fishing than fireworks and rockets," said Daisy.

"I hope my children are not losing their patriotism," said their mother jokingly.

"I think they have gained their first real sense of it today," said their father. "I want them to remember always that the observance we make of the national birthday is merely the symbol of the real thing. One can make all the show and noise and bluster he pleases, yet if at heart he is selfish enough to consider his own interest and pleasure at the cost

of pain to others, he is no true patriot. For my part, I hope to see the time come when a wasteful display is no longer considered a necessary emblem of our national pride and patriotism, and the great sums of money at present expended in it will be put to more noble uses. With the millions spent in this manner monuments might be erected to be a lasting pride and memorial of patriotism to the nation, or systems inaugurated that might alleviate the hardships of the country's poor. There are many more noble ways of exhibiting patriotism than that we now have."

"But papa," exclaimed Will, "it wouldn't ever seem the same without fireworks—we couldn't have half the fun."

"What about today? reminded his mother.

"Nevertheless I guess you boys will be able to celebrate with fireworks for some time to come," went on his father, noting the alarmed look in the boys' faces. "I fancy they won't be done away with for a generation or two yet, spite of my opinion about it."

"I hope not, papa," said Will with relief, and then quickly—"but I'm glad we didn't have them today, for I heard Mrs. Drake say to Mr. Drake, that she felt almost as if she couldn't have lived through the day if she'd stayed home."

"That is the true spirit of patriotism," replied his father, "the real kernel, while the shell is all fireworks and display."

Josephine Spencer.

THE FOURTH OF JULY AT THE GROVE.

THIS STORY TELLS TRUTH.

(For beginning and end, see "Alpha's Lovely Fourth," in Little Folk's Department.)

* * * * *

AS Alpha was crossing the road from the house to the meadow, Aunt Minnie looked from the window in the back of the buggy and saw her. Then she said to her companion:

"There goes my little niece after the flowers she is determined to get for her mother today. I never saw a child like her before. She is so sensible for a baby. This morning she has taught me a wonderful lesson."

"Indeed!" said the young man at Minnie's side. "Doesn't some prophecy say we shall learn lessons from the mouths of babes, or something to that effect? May I know what this wonderful lesson is that you have learned on this great day?"

"You are in it," answered Minnie, "you must hear it, and if I am to be made wiser from it, so must you."

"Shall I drive more slowly, so we will have a longer time to talk it over before we reach the Grove?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, please," answered Minnie, and take the upper road so we can go by Kate's and call for her."

"Is Kate in it too?" the young man asked, a little nervously.

"Yes, if she will be," was Minnie's answer.

For a short time nothing more was said. Then Minnie held out her hand saying, "Give me back my ring, Gil; I should not have let you take it, and you should not have done so. Let me have it, and put it on my finger where it belongs, and then I will tell you the lesson I learned of Alpha."

The young man took a ring from off his little finger, and handed it to Minnie.

She placed it on her forefinger and then went on talking.

"Alpha," she said, "was playing in the yard this morning with some other children. And ever so many times she came and asked if breakfast was ready before time for it. At last I asked her why she was in a hurry for breakfast, and found it was because some of the children were eating candy, and had given her some, but she would not taste it before she had eaten her breakfast, because her *mama did not want her to*. Gilbert, nothing ever made my conscience hurt me as that little child's innocent, unconscious reminder of the course I have been taking lately did. Her mother was in the bedroom and would not have seen her eat the candy, but that obedient, wise little girl would not taste it because she knew her mother did not want her to.

"Now look at me. My missionary lover, whom I have promised to marry when he comes home, is away in a foreign land. He knows nothing of how I have been going about with you for the last two weeks. And yet I would demand of him that he should be loyalty itself to me. His parents and his brethren expect him to be true in every particular, although he is off among strangers, often lonely and homesick, with no one to speak a kind or comforting word. And I, the girl who promised to be faithful to him—how have I been conducting myself? I am heartily ashamed of our foolishness, Gil, and you ought to be!"

"I am, Minnie," said Gilbert; "since you have just now been showing me our real positions. Poor Kate, how heartless of me to neglect her as I have done! Do you think she will ever forgive me?"

"Yes, I believe she will," answered Minnie, "for Kate is a good, sensible, noble girl. And I shall ask her the minute I see her, to forgive us both."

But Minnie did not get a chance to speak to the "good, sensible, noble girl," as she had called Kate, at that time.

As Gilbert drove up to the gate and stopped his horse, Kate's mother, who was in the front yard, supposing he had called to ask for her daughter, told him she had gone to the Grove with her brothers and some other young people.

A sharp pang went through Gilbert's heart, as he thought that perhaps, through folly, he had lost his lady-love. But Minnie cheered him as they rode along, and told him how to manage for the rest of the day. After reaching the Grove, Gilbert and Minnie separated, and kept strictly away from each other.

Minnie looked to find Kate in a dejected, forlorn condition, shunning all who might attempt to draw her out and cheer her up. It was therefore something of a surprise to discover her in the midst of a gay group of friends, of whom she seemed to be the chief attraction, the merriest of all.

A great sorrow welled up in Minnie's heart then, for she felt that the wrong she had done two young friends, both of whom she esteemed very highly, if it should turn out that she had been the means of separating them, really, when she was sure that but a few days before they had been all the world to each other, she had indeed committed an evil for which she never could forgive herself, even if her injured friends could learn in time to look with charity upon her youthful folly, and believe her not entirely selfish and mean.

She had thought to find Kate moping, and that she herself should have the sweet privilege of restoring back to the heartbroken girl the priceless treasure

of her loyal lover, with whom she had been simply toying, in a meaningless way, for a fortnight past.

But Minnie was mistaken. She deserved punishment, and she was getting it. When Gilbert had been worried because Kate had gone to the Grove without him, Minnie had told him not to fret over it, but to remember that he had not seen Kate to tell her he should call for her, and that in their folly they had been slighting the poor girl shamefully. But she felt sure she could explain it all to Kate in such a frank and truthful way that she should be at once understood.

Now, when she came to see Kate so gay, apparently so happy, regardless of her lover's absence, Minnie felt that she had not the strength to even approach and speak to the girl whom she had so deeply, though thoughtlessly wronged. She did not know how Kate might receive her, whether with scorn or otherwise. And she turned away, wishing she could be alone to collect her thoughts and gain self-control sufficient to meet and talk intelligently with her friends. In this mood she sank into a shady seat, and closing her eyes, rested her head upon her hand. One after another of her friends came up and saluted her, but she returned their salutations so feebly and briefly that no one stayed by her or tried to draw her into conversation. At last no one came near or spoke to her at all, and she had a good chance to think.

"Dear little Alpha!" she said to herself. "Through your obedience and self-denial you have earned the right to be happy today. I have been 'eating candy before breakfast,' so to speak, and deserve to be wretched, as I am."

From behind her, a hand was laid very gently, but warmly and firmly upon her shoulder. Minnie raised her head

and looked straight into Kate's smiling, though rather shadowy eyes. Stooping and kissing Minnie's upturned face, Kate said, "You seem lonely, Minnie, come and let's have a swing, as we used to in our school days."

"Oh, Kate, you dearest, sweetest girl!" cried Minnie, rising quickly, and throwing an arm around Kate. "I am lonely, and am choking for a good cry. Let's take a stroll down to the spring where we can be by ourselves and have a talk. What do you say, Kate, will your friends excuse you for awhile?"

"No one has any special claim on me today," answered Kate, as the two girls walked on together. "Now talk on, Minnie, I am anxious to hear all that you have to say to me," said Kate as they took seats on a low bench, after having refreshed themselves with a draught from the pure, cold spring.

"I feel so guilty, Kate," said Minnie, "I hardly know how to begin what I want to say."

"Shall I begin it for you?" asked Kate with great composure.

"Yes, please," answered Minnie.

"Well, then," said Kate, "I'll begin in my own way. And I'll tell you a very short, true story. A young girl, the youngest in quite a large family of children, had been petted a great deal, and never taught that it was her privilege as well as that of others to make loving sacrifices for the good of her friends, which is after all the greatest good to self.

"The girl was loved by a worthy young man and returned his affection. They became engaged. The young man was asked to take a mission abroad and responded. The girl was proud of her lover's heroism in not refusing the call that was made upon him. She encouraged his going; but after he was gone, she felt so lonely that it seemed to her she must have a play lover to partially

fill the vacant place, at least a portion of the time, during his absence. She yielded to the strong, but unwise, imprudent impulse that seemed to take possession of her heart, and instead of being true to her missionary lover in all respects, and reserving all the most precious sweetness of her maiden soul for him to whom it rightly belonged, she threw out some of her powers of attraction to others—to *another*, who, by suffering himself to be caught in the coils of the winsome, fascinating influence of her presence, did violence to the sensitive feelings of another girl, unto whom he was already obligated. The two girls had been trusting, loving school-mates only a year or two before, and—well!"

"Oh, Kate!" sobbed Minnie in a passionate burst of tears, "how is it that you can understand everything so well, and yet be so humble and gracious?" Forgive me, dearest Kate, will you not, unworthy and wicked as I have been?"

"I have already forgiven you, and Gilbert also, as the Scriptures teach all Saints that they should do; but I wanted to give you a chance to ask my forgiveness for your own sake," said Kate. "You remember that sentiment which we often have in our Mutual Improvement meetings,

Time to me this truth has taught,
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
Many err from want of thought,
More than any want of feeling.

"I have applied that to your case and Gil's, and felt that you would think what you were doing after awhile."

"What wisdom and charity you do exhibit, Kate, if I could only be like you!" said Minnie. "But surely I will try from this day to be true in every respect, even as you are, my dearest friend."

"Oh, don't say as I am!" was Kate's answer. "Do you know what people are sure

to think and say about me? Why, that I am an awfully shallow girl in not throwing Gil off for the way in which he has been treating me. But let them call me soft, or whatever they please, I shall try to know my duty and to live so that I will have strength to do it, whatever comes along."

"No one who knows you can ever think you shallow or weak in any way. Here comes Gil!" said Minnie, starting up.

"Wash your face quickly!" said Kate, "so folks will not see that you have been crying. And we will go back to the crowd, and have a good time after all."

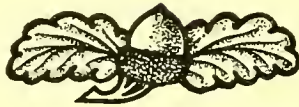
Gilbert came up to Kate as she stood waiting for Minnie to wash the tear stains off her face. He extended his hand and she placed hers within it, saying, "I have been studying the princi-

ples of the Gospel for the last two weeks as I never did before, and have tried to learn what it is, when smitten on one cheek, to turn the other also."

"I am not going to smite you any more, my dear Kate," Gilbert answered in a very humble and sincere tone, "and will you forgive me for being silly and boyish when I should have been a man?"

"As I have told Minnie, you were both forgiven long ago, but I am glad you humble yourself and ask forgiveness when you should. Now let's go to our friends and have a good time, that's what we are here for."

As the three walked slowly along, Minnie repeated again the lesson her little niece had brought into her mind, and concluded with, "I don't mean to eat candy before breakfast any more."

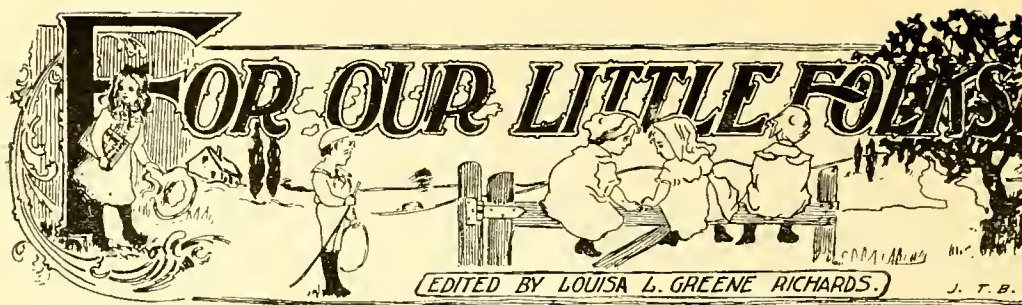


A LESSON FROM THE LEAVES.

IT is easy to obey the rule of constant rejoicing as we see farther into things. The decay and fall of the leaf appears in all the ancient literatures as the symbol of the brevity and fruitlessness of human life. It seemed to men the end of things,—a beauty and a use which perished out of the great harmony of nature. But science tells us that this was superficial judgment, as the real substance of the leaf does not perish at all, being taken back into the stem of the tree, to come forth to new life when spring returns.

Only the empty shell of the leaf perishes, while the real leaf lives again in new beauty. The leaves which are now shaping themselves on our trees are the resurrection of the leaves we thought dead and done with. So "we all do fade as a leaf," in our outer man, in our husk or shell of the body, but our real self lives on through all changes, even that which we call death, to find a new springtime beyond death, and to live on in fresh beauty and use.

Selected.



LITTLE ALPHA'S "LOVELY FOURTH."

AUNT Minnie had lived at Alpha's home two whole weeks. Ever since the tiny new baby was brought to Alpha's mama. But grandma came only the evening before the "Fourth."

"You're glad to be here, ain't you, grandma?" asked Alpha, "where there will not be so many boys with fire-crackers and other things to make noise and smoke as there are in the city."

And grandma said she was indeed glad to be with her children in their quiet country home, to spend the Fourth of July, instead of being at her own home in the city, where there was sure to be so much more noise, parade and show.

"Won't you ride over to the Grove in the morning, mother?" asked Alpha's papa. "They have quite a nice program arranged; some fine speeches, songs, toasts, and so on."

"No thank you, my son," said grandma, "I'll stay with mama and the babies, and we will have a nice time all to ourselves."

"We'll have a lovely Fourth, grandma," said Alpha. "You can tell me some of the pretty stories you know about the Fourth of July as it used to be in the States when you were a little girl like me. And mama will tell about the Fourth here in Utah when she was a child. When the Sunday School used to have twenty-four young ladies dressed

in white, with wreaths of wild roses on their heads, to walk through the streets following the music. And the little boys used to have paper caps and wooden swords. And one day when they had the Fourth, and Aunt Minnie was just a little girl, like I am, mama lost her. And mama went around crying, and hunted everywhere, and everyone helped her to hunt. And at last the marshal of the day found Aunt Minnie up on the stand in the bowery, covered all up with the end of the big, red, white and blue flag, the Stars and Stripes. The little mischief had crawled up there and gone to sleep. And the marshal wouldn't let them wake her until she had slept as long as she wanted to. He said it was the emblem of innocence resting in perfect safety, beneath the glorious flag of peace and liberty."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed papa, as Alpha stopped talking to kiss the wee baby brother, which grandma had just taken into her lap.

"I think you will not need to go away from home to be entertained, mother. Our little daughter will be able to keep you from getting homesick."

"She often remembers stories almost word for word as they are told to her," said mama.

"If grandma and mama get tired I can take care of my baby brother while they have a sleep," said Alpha.

"They are liable to get tired if you talk too much," answered papa.

How clear and bright the next morn-

ing was. Alpha remembered it was the Fourth the moment she opened her eyes.

Aunt Minnie was dressing. She and Alpha slept together, so the little girl got up too, and commenced to dress herself.

But before she had finished dressing, some of the little neighbor girls were there to talk and play with her. Alpha was always a good-natured and sociable child, but somehow on that beautiful Fourth of July morning, she would rather her neighbors would not have come to call on her, it least not so early. Still she invited them to sit down on the steps outside the door, and said she would be out with them very soon.

Alpha was also a neat child, and before she ever thought she was ready for breakfast or to play, she would wash her face and hands very clean, and comb and brush her soft, brown hair carefully.

Grandma's coming the evening before had so excited Alpha that she had eaten very little supper. And before breakfast was ready that morning she felt quite hungry. Perhaps one thing that made her so hungry just then was her romping and playing in the fresh country air with her little friends. "But there must be something else that makes Alpha keep coming to the door and asking if breakfast will soon be ready," Aunt Minnie concluded. So she went out to ask what it was that made the little girl so anxious to have breakfast over.

"See, Aunt Minnie, what nice, pretty candy the girls brought me," Alpha answered. "And it's good, too, for their uncle makes it. But mama does not want me to eat candy before breakfast any time, so I have to wait, and I want to taste it so bad!"

"You dear child, what a little saint

you are!" said Aunt Minnie, "to not taste of that tempting candy because mama doesn't want you to! I wish I were as good as that."

But Aunt Minnie was saying all that to herself, the child had run off and did not hear it.

And the same thought kept running through the young woman's mind all the morning, "I wish I were as good as little Alpha, but I am not, though I have lived longer and ought to be wiser."

After a while the wagons and carriages began to roll past, taking the farm folks out to the Grove where the celebration was to be held.

"Who is going to ride with you, papa?" asked Alpha, seeing her father preparing to ride off alone in his buggy.

"Oh! I'll pick up someone that wants a ride," he answered.

"Why don't you take Aunt Minnie?" asked the child.

"Someone else is coming to take her, she says. By by, darling."

And papa's young horse trotted off in a lively manner, just as another buggy stopped at the gate.

Aunt Minnie came running out, and was handed very politely into the buggy by the gentleman who had stepped out of it.

Baby though she was, Alpha wondered who the man could be. Surely it was not that missionary who had petted her "because she looked like her Aunt Minnie," he said, and with whom her aunt had once taken her to ride. Oh, no, it couldn't be him! He had gone away, way off on that great mission, and would not be back for ever such a long time; and Aunt Minnie had cried about it real hard.

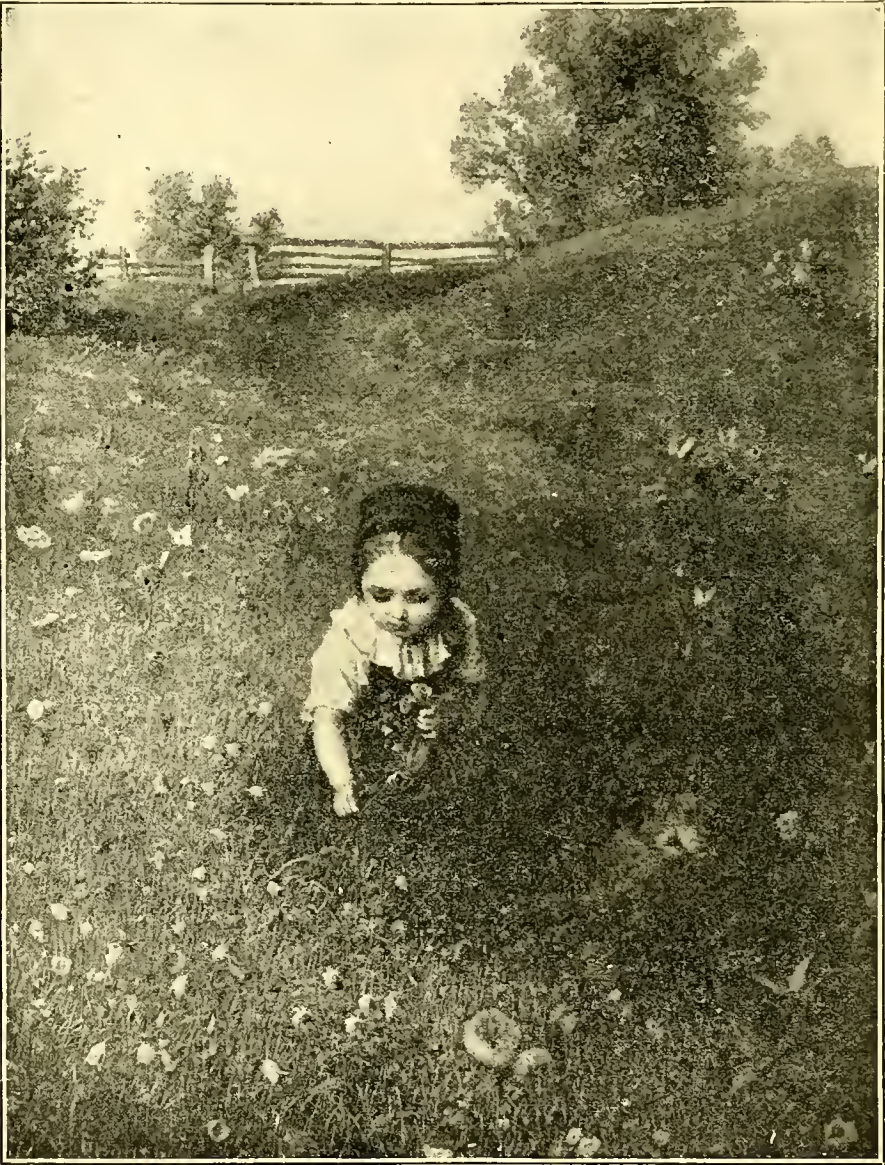
But Alpha had not time to study out her aunt's affairs, or even to go and ask grandama or mama about them.

She knew what she was going to do

as soon as everyone else was out of the way. She knew where the loveliest flowers were growing, just through the gate and down the hill a little way into papa's meadow. She had told mama about them, and had got her to say she would like a bouquet of those sweet flowers. And now that papa and auntie

were both gone, it was time for her to go too, and off she went.

Alpha had learned a number of little songs in the Kindergarten, and in Primary and Sunday School. Her mama had also taught her some pretty stories, songs and recitations, which the little girl was fond of singing or repeating



"HOW MY BABY BROTHER WILL LAUGH WHEN HE SEES THESE FLOWERS!"

over to herself when she was all alone. While she was gathering her flowers that Fourth of July, this is one of the little songs she sang:

Waving sweetly o'er thy head,
Flowers softly sigh;
Watching o'er thy grassy bed,
Singing lullaby.

Gently murmuring in thine ear,
Angels from on high;
Singing softly to thy soul,
Sweetest lullaby.

Alpha stopped singing and laughed gently as she said to herself, "How my baby brother will laugh when he sees these flowers!" For it was quite a wonder now, in the home talk, that the two weeks' old baby was already beginning to know and laugh at the folks sometimes, and that he seemed to notice his attentive little sister more than anyone else, unless it might be mother herself. "Yes," the little maiden went on talking, "baby brother is just sure to be glad to see these flowers, because in heaven, where the babies come from, there are so many, many lovely flowers. That is what that other song tells." And then Alpha sang again, a little song called

"INNOCENCE."

An infant child had passed away,
Where angels live and love;
His Heavenly Father wanted him,
And took him home above.

And happy was the child to find
A garden full of bowers,
Where many other children too,
Were playing with the flowers.

The lambs were skipping on the green,
The trees were full of birds,
And fruit hung down deliciously,
Above the grazing herds.

While music from a thousand throats,
Came warbling through the air,
And fragrance such as angels love,
Blew from the flowers fair.

Just then an angel, fair to see,
And shining like the sun,

Came smiling with a mother's smile,
And blessed the little one.

While in her arms she took the child,
And kissed it o'er and o'er,
And bade it play among the rest,
In joy for evermore.

Away it ran with mirthful glee,
To join the little band,
That 'round about soon gathered fast,
And clasped its brother's hand.

And crowning him with lovely flowers,
They laughed with joy intense;
Because their hearts had felt no sin,
And all was innocence.

"Oh, dear!" sighed little Alpha softly, as she finished her song, "it is getting to feel warm out here, I had better go home now, maybe the baby wants to see me by this time." And away she scampered back home with her arms full of flowers.

Grandma and mama were glad to see her come in, for the little girl had been out of sight for quite a while, and they began to feel uneasy about her.

"Oh, you've picked nearly all your flowers with too short stems!" said mama.

"What can we do with them?" asked Alpha.

But she did not wait to be told, and forgot, even, that she intended to show them to the baby. For he was asleep, and not seeing him she did not think of him just then. What she did see and think of was that the green peas were being shelled, and that she wanted to help about that part of the Fourth of July dinner.

Down went the flowers into an empty basket that happened to be handy, and down sat the little girl, asking to have some peas put into her lap that she might shell them.

Grandma reached her a handful, but before the little fingers could get one pod open, the dear child had fallen asleep, and her head rested upon her

flowers, for she tipped the basket over as she fell.

"See, mother, what a picture!" said mama, pointing to the little one asleep in the midst of the flowers and the peas.

"Beautiful, indeed!" said grandma.

Alpha's flowers were most of them badly wilted when her papa and auntie got home, but she found enough of them that were still bright to tell her story over, of how she had gathered them, and how her wee brother had laughed at her when she showed them to him, after they both waked up.

"And we've had a real lovely Fourth, haven't we, grandma?" was the finishing touch to the little story.

"Very lovely, indeed, Alpha," grandma said,

And Aunt Minnie added, as she took the little lady in her arms and kissed her tenderly, "A lovely Fourth for me, darling, and one long to be remembered, for by you, I have had such a good lesson shown me, and I hope I have learned it."

Alpha was in bed and sleeping, the sweet sleep of an obedient, healthy and happy child who has a wise and careful mother, when her father came in from finishing his evening chores. But he said he had learned that some of those little neighbor children, who were there playing with Alpha and eating candy before breakfast, were quite ill that evening.

(For Minnie's lesson, see "The Fourth of July at the Grove," page 408).

L. L. G. R.

TO THE LETTER-BOX.

The Cardston Flood.

DEAR LETTER-BOX.—A severe storm started on Saturday May 17, 1902, by

raining until it changed to snow. It stopped snowing on Sunday evening and again rained Monday. The rain and melting snow caused a flood. It took houses, barns, cattle, horses and colts down stream, and many people had to move out of their homes, and had to go on the hills to kind friends. We are all thankful that there were no lives lost in Cardston. One young man was drowned in Mountain View, a son of Brother Jordon, seventeen years of age. The Allen roller-mill was damaged \$2,000.00. Many acres of land were washed away. The creek changed its course and went in places where it had never been before, and Cardston does not look like it used to do. There were several Indians drowned. Indians that have been here forty years say that they have never seen anything like it before. It was very cold and many cattle, chickens, sheep, lambs, colts, and horses died. All our bridges are gone but one, including one large bridge over Saint Mary's river which cost \$20,000.00. We miss it very much because all our freight was hauled over that bridge. Now the freight teams have to go around by Kimball Ward, and cross the bridge there. They have now made a foot bridge and are getting ready to make a wagon bridge across Leas creek. They have a ferry boat to cross by Allen's mill. The Relief Society and many others are providing food and clothes, bedding and shelter to those who are in need, so that all are comfortable and feel to thank the Lord that all escaped as well as they did. The crops are now growing that were not destroyed.

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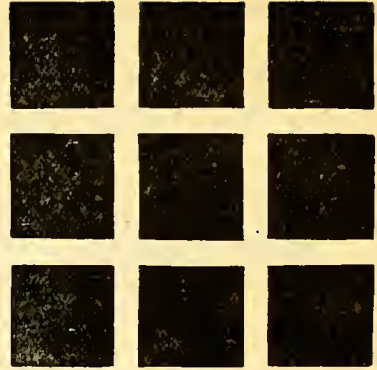
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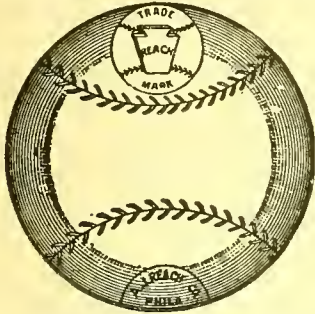
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